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some places specimens of native magnesia. If his imagination is fired with a still warmer enthusiasm, what can more abundantly gratify it than a trip to the Highlands, the military school of West Point, or the Mountain House on the snow-clad peaks of the Catskill—all of which he may reach in a few hours, on board of one of our floating palaces. And when the summer heats make a jaunt to the country still more coveted, he may extend his journey a half day farther, and join the gay throng at the watering places of Saratoga, Lebanon, and Ballston—where, like other travellers, as “increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on,” his ambition may carry him in the wake of our enterprising tourists, in a few days’ pleasant travelling on the canal and lakes, to the frowning battlements of Quebec, the shores of Ontario, and Niagara’s wondrous cataract; and a few hundred miles still further, and without fatigue, to the pictured rocks of Lake Huron, the Indian tribes at our outposts of Michilimackinack and Prairie du Chien, or even to Captain Back’s arctic solitary hut on the banks of the frozen Capemine. But our

sober old citizens, who do not like to ramble quite so far, and who are not much given to these exploring expeditions, however delightful and easy in accomplishing, prefer shorter trips nearer by. Among them we need scarcely mention the attractions of the scenery upon our own island, now almost forgotten, and among them Aarlaem and Yorkville. Then the passage through Hell Gate, and the quiet, Quaker-town of Flushing, with Prince’s superb Botanical Garden, worth travelling one hundred miles to see. Then, perchance, he is among the number of our sportsmen. There is all Long Island for him—its snipe-shooting, and plover, and grouse, and the deer, that noble game of the forests of Suffolk, and the thousand nooks, and creeks, and brooks, which the lover of bass and trout is wont to frequent. Add also the trotting matches in Queens—the Marine Pavilion at Rockaway—the cities and towns upon the Sound—New Haven, and its college—beautiful Newport—Montang—Nantucket, and so on to Boston, Nahant, &c.



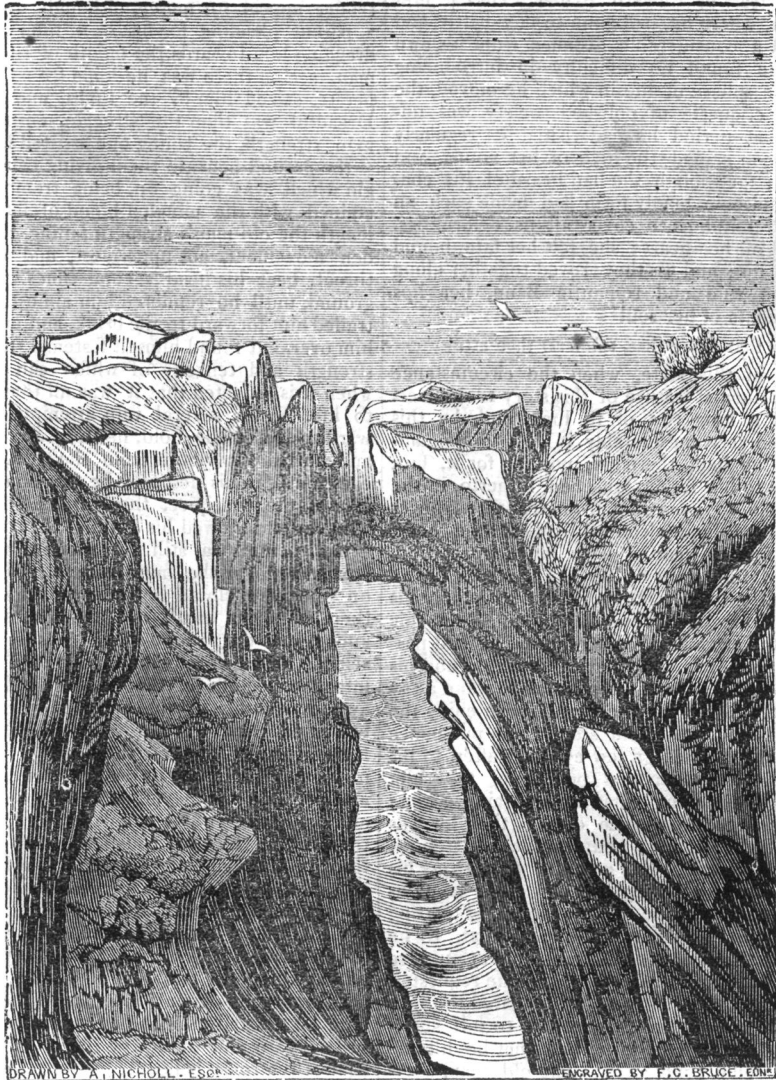
CASCADE AT BRYANSFORD, NEAR NEWCASTLE, COUNTY OF DOWN.

Those who have visited Newcastle, that beautifully situated little bathing-place on the Mourne shore, in the county of Down, must have felt their attention attracted to the wild grandeur of the scenery, which presents itself to the eye a little way beyond the southern extremity of the village. To the right, rise the mountains of Mourne, at the foot of which lie an immense number of large blocks of granite, thrown together in such confusion, and in such quantities, that a fanciful person might suppose they had been collected for the purpose of building another link to the chain of mountains, but which

nature (being too busy with the more animated portion of her works,) had never found time to begin to. Here, far away from the haunts of man, and surrounded by wildness and desolation, “the bitch-fox hides her helpless brood,” rears them in safety, and steals out, in the darkness of night, to plunder the neighbouring hen-roosts or rabbit-warrens; while, higher up, among the cliffs of the mountains, amid the silence and solitude of nature, which is never broken, save by the bark of her neighbour the fox, or by her own wild scream, the eagle builds her eyrie, reigns undisturbed, and produces her royal birds

securely; while, to the left of the road, stretches out the broad expanse of St. George's Channel, where, as far as the eye can reach, until the sight is bounded by the horizon, extends one livid plain of dark blue waters, the monotonous appearance of which is only broken by the reflection of the sun upon the sails of some distant vessel, as she glides across the bay: or by the white top of some distant billow, as it curls into foam, and sparkles in the light, when descending from its momentary elevation to join its kindred waters. Such is the scene which presents itself, after leaving Newcastle, now a thriving village, but which not very long since, with the exception of the castle which gives name to it, consisted of a few fishermen's huts, scattered at random along the beach, wherever the convenience or fancy of the owner suggested. At this place, the shore, which has hitherto been a beautiful level sandy beach, several miles in length, rises perpendicularly up to the height of more than a hundred feet, in the shape of a rocky precipice, in whose rugged fall are several natural caves or

excavations, one of which is said by the fishermen to run far under the mountains, and to stop directly under the highest point of Slieve Donard, and is therefore called "Donard's cave;" but the one which we have more immediately to do with, and which is represented in the subjoined engraving, is a perpendicular gap, about thirty feet wide, and running from thirty to forty feet deep into the fall of the rock, thereby forming a chasm, into the basin of which the tide beats with a roar sufficient to deaden the sense of hearing in any person who is hardy enough to approach the brink of the precipice, a task requiring both a stout heart and a steady head. It is said to have derived its name of Armer's hole from the following story of guilt and terror, which we are informed by our correspondent appeared some few years since in "The Northern Whig," but which we feel assured will prove no less acceptable to our readers, as connected with an interesting and romantic portion of our island, to which we have had occasion more than once before to refer with feelings of gratification and pleasure.



ARMER'S HOLE.

EDWARD ARMER, THE PARRICIDE.

More than a century ago, the father of Edward Armer resided in the Barony of Mourne, and was an extensive grazier; held a good farm, with a long lease, and a cheap rent, and was considered wealthy. His wife had been long dead, and his only child Edward was to be the inheritor of all his father's possessions. But Edward's conduct had often cost his father many a sleepless night, and many a fruitless sigh; for though he had been for

some years arrived at man's estate, yet his conduct was wild, and extravagant, and self-willed, and exhibited none of the steadiness of purpose, or integrity of principle, which was to be expected from his years: he was the strongest man, and the most expert gambler in the whole country; and few ever encountered him in either ways, who did not leave him convinced of his superiority. These practices, therefore, raised in the heart of his father a kind of prophetic fear, that the course of life he